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Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, April 14, 1883.

Five Cents per Copy.

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

AN UNFAILING REMEDY FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES, SUCH AS ITCHING SORES, PIMPLES, ERYSIPELAS, RING WORM, &c.

OINTMENT

THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES

Symptoms are redness, itching, burning, soreness, and pain, as if pin-worms were crawling about the rectum; the private parts are often affected. As a cure, economical and positive cure, SWAYNE'S Ointment is the best. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sent by mail, 60 cents. In 3-cents. Stamp, 3 cents.

Prepared by Dr. S. S. SWAYNE & SON, Phila., Pa.

Choice Baled Hay

90 cents and \$1.00 pr cwt.

At Anderson's

Flour, Grain, and Feed Store.

Gerry Valent Inc., UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish Coffins, Caskets (with handles and plates), Shrouds, Robes of any quality wanted. Funerals promptly attended to. Chairs reupholstered, and Furniture repaired and renovated. SHOP on Egg Harbor Road, next to Aiskon's Carriage Factory, Hammonton.

T. Hartshorn, Painter and Paper Hanger, Hammonton, N. J.

Orders left in P. O. Box 24 will receive prompt attention.

A. J. SMITH, NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS.

Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale, and other papers executed in a neat, careful and correct manner.

Hammonton, N. J.

WHAT IS DEATH.

What is death? It is the breaking Of the spirit's bondage here; And to blissful life awaking, Free from earthly grief and fear. 'Tis the laying down of sorrow At the weary close of day, And arising on the morrow Never more to know decay.

What is death? It is the dawning Of the soul's immortal light, When the glorious beams of morning Sweep away the gloom of night. 'Tis the spirit's last reunion With the loved ones gone before, When the Christian holds communion With the Saviour evermore.

What is death? Oh! spirit weary On the stock of Ages rest, Lo! the Terror hovering near thee Is a guide to regions blest. Let not trembling doubts oppress thee, Trust in the Redeemer's love; Smiling, he awaits to bless thee, 'Mid the Heavenly choir above.

Trial List For the April Term, 1883. SUPREME COURT.

- Hudson County National Bank vs. John Shaw. In case, S. H. Grey for plff. and H. L. Slape for def.
- Mutual Loan and Building Association of Egg Harbor Township vs. Susan C. Price, adm'r et al. In case, Wm. Moore for plff. and H. L. Slape for def.
- Daniel E. Izard, adm'r et al. vs. the May's Landing Water Power Co. In case, Potter and Nixon for plff. and Peter L. Voorhees for def.
- Daniel E. Izard et al. vs. same and same attorneys.
- Rebecca Barthes vs. William Perine. Trespass. D. J. Pancoast for plff. and H. L. Slape for def.
- Joseph Eckhardt et al. vs. Frederick Koller et al. Trespass. D. J. Pancoast for plff. and Chas. T. Keel for def.
- William Massey vs. C. R. Colwell. In case, J. E. Hayes for plff. and Henry M. Snyder for def.

CIRCUIT COURT.

- The Building and Loan Society of Absecon, N. J., vs. Robert B. Leeds et al. In case, J. E. P. Abbott for plff. and H. L. Slape for def.
- 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, Same vs. same and same attys.
- Israel H. Johnson et al. vs. A. J. King. Trespass. J. E. P. Abbott for plff. and A. J. King for def.
- Samuel G. Endicott vs. Joseph T. Townsend. Trespass. Alex. H. Sharp for plff. and J. E. P. Abbott for def.
- Same vs. same, Replevin, and same attorneys.
- John Horsefall vs. Heman L. Hall. In case, John W. Westcott for plff. and H. M. Cooper for def.
- Wellington J. Adams vs. Thos. G. Folwell. Assumpsit. S. H. Grey for plff. and J. J. Crandall for def.
- John C. Abbott vs. Conover and Flanagan. Replevin. J. E. P. Abbott for plff. and A. H. Sharp for def.
- Jesse A. Baker vs. Hannah Ann C. Frink, executrix. In case, Harry L. Slape for plff. and Wm. Casselman for def.
- John Rommel vs. Walter Kirk. In case, H. L. Slape for plff. and Wm. Moore for defendant.
- Baker and Brothers vs. Edward Champion. In case, J. E. P. Abbott for plff. and Allen B. Endicott for def.
- Mary Disston et al. vs. Richard Ben. In case, Joseph Thompson for plff. and J. J. Crandall for def.
- John S. Taylor vs. Thos. Daly. Trespass. J. J. Crandall for plff. and H. L. Slape for def.
- David M. H. Dunn vs. Michael Mealey et al. In case, F. F. Hogate for plff. and H. L. Slape for def.
- Richard H. Turner vs. Richard Ben. In case, Joseph Thompson for plff. and J. J. Crandall for def.
- Jacob Watson vs. George W. Howard. In case, D. J. Pancoast for plff. and J. J. Crandall for def.
- Bersimba Matlix, administratrix vs. S. V. Adams et al. In case, J. E. P. Abbott for plff. and H. L. Slape for def.
- Inhabitants of the Township of Mullica vs. Charles Schmoede et al. In case, A. Stepany for plff. and J. E. P. Abbott for def.
- Richard Doughty et al. vs. S. V. Adams et al. Trespass. A. H. Slape for plff. and A. H. Sharp for def.
- Same vs. same and same attys.
- Christian Schlecht vs. Edward Bowen et al. Trespass. A. Stepany for plff. and H. L. Slape for def.

Hall's Hair Renewer renews, cleanses, brightens, and invigorates the hair and restores faded or gray hair to its youthful color and lustre. People with gray hair prefer to use the Renewer, rather than proclaim to the world, through their bleached locks, that they are becoming aged, and passing on to decay.

From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 7, 1883. The civil service commission to-day decided to accept a suit of rooms in the new building adjoining the department of agriculture, and recently completed for a seed packing depot. The commissioners will occupy the rooms as soon as they shall have been finished.

It is estimated by persons thoroughly familiar with the subject, that under the new law reducing letter postage and regulating the pay of postmasters, the receipts of not more than one office in every four will be in excess of the postmasters' salaries. Under existing law, if it said all post-offices, however insignificant, contribute about two-fifths of their receipts to the Government. Secretary Folger is steadily gaining in strength, and his friends now regard his restoration to health as a question of time only. It is said that he has about decided to abandon his contemplated trip to Bermuda, and will return to duty at Treasury department some time next week.

The committee who are now examining the condition of the treasury are making rapid progress. The bonds held as security for public deposits, and the bonds of the Indian trust fund have been counted and are found to agree with the amount called for. All the odds and ends have been cleared up and the work now before the committee is a straight count of sealed packages of reserve United States notes and bags of silver coin. There are 1,350 packages of notes. Each contains 4,000 notes. There are about 2,500 bags of silver, each bag containing \$1,000. The count will not be finished for two or three weeks. The members of the committee say, "The treasury is in good shape in every respect."

HOWARD.

IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING to get from Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, an honest opinion in your case, if you are suffering from any chronic disease, as consumption, catarrh, neuralgia, rheumatism, or nervous irritability and weakness. They are making wonderful cures with their new Compound Oxygen Treatment. Write to them and give a clear statement of your case. They will answer promptly as to the chances of a cure. They make no charge for consultations. If, however, you do not wish to consult them at present, drop a postal card, asking for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, in which you will find a history of its discovery, nature, and action, and a large number of reports of difficult and desperate cases which they have treated successfully. It will be sent free.

The doors of the Moorestown, M. E. Church remained locked against the Rev. Dr. Whitecar, and the case will be carried to the Courts. Lawyers Hendrickson, of Mt. Holly, and R. S. Jenkins, of Camden, have already been employed.

A law was passed by the Legislature at its recent session, and has been signed by the Governor, making important changes in the applications for licenses to keep inns and taverns and beer saloons. The law requires that all signers shall state their place of residence, how near they live to tavern petitioned for, and the location and character of their real estate.

General Francis A. Walker think that all the work of the Census Bureau will be ready for publication by the 1st of next July.

Judge Gresham, the new Postmaster General, used a crutch for several years after the close of the war, but now he can get along with a cane. A bullet plowed a deep furrow in his leg at the battle of Peach Tree Creek, before Atlanta.

The earthen ware works at Manchester will reduce wages or shut down.

Attorney-General Stockton, who has been in Florida for some time past, for the benefit of his health, writes that he has entirely recovered, and expects to return some time this week.

Wheat planting has begun in Dakota.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.—Sunshine seems to follow in the wake of some people, while gloom and sorrow enshroud the pathway of others. And why is it? The former make use of Swayne's Pills which act upon the system in a manner to keep it healthy; while the latter suffer with dyspepsia, liver complaint, dropsy, bilious and sick headache, jaundice, fevers, constipation, female irregularities, etc. If they prefer to suffer rather than pay 25 cents for a box of Swayne's Pill, which is warranted to cure all the above ills, why—let them live to suffer.

Fertilizers!

Farmers can get ALMOST ANYTHING In the way of Fertilizers, at

GEO. ELVINS'

Main Road and Bellevue Avenue, Hammonton.

Mapes' Complete Manures.

- Corn Manure,
- Potato Manure,
- Fodder Corn Manure,
- Fruit and Vine Manure,
- Early Vegetable and Truck Manure,
- Grass and Grain Spring Top-Dressing,

Together with a supply of Peruvian Guano, Land Plaster, German Kaimit, and Ground Bone.

Also the celebrated STOCK-BRIDGE MANURES originated by Hon. Levi Stockbridge, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and Professor of Agriculture.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures seurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the Vigor is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

MR. C. P. BURCH writes from Kirby, O., July, 1882: "I lost my hair completely falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience, and use it to promote the growth of my hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGELO FARRAHER, leader of the celebrated "Farrar Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from Boston, Mass., Feb. 11, 1883: "Ever since my hair began to give every evidence of the change which fleeing time procures, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

Mrs. O. A. PRESBURY, writing from 18 Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the Vigor, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. GEORGE R. SEIDLE, DENTIST,

HAMMONTON, N. J. Office Days, — Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of each week. Philadelphia Office, 109 Arch St.

THE LADIES' STORE OF HAMMONTON. TOMLIN & SMITH'S,

Corner of Bellevue & Horton St.

Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, White Goods, Fancy Articles, Toys, and MILLINERY GOODS.

Ladies' Furnishing Goods a Specialty. Demorest's Spring Fashions have been received.

Mrs. J. Sibley

Begs to inform the Ladies of HAMMONTON and VICINITY,

That she is making Ladies' Dresses, and Wraps of all kinds. Also Children's Suits at the LOWEST

CASH PRICES.

She asks the favor of your patronage, and will be pleased to see Ladies at her residence, on Main Road, opposite Oak, Hammonton, N. J.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

ALLEN B. ENDICOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

AND Master and Solicitor in Clancery, MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

C. F. Jahneke, M. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office at his residence, corner of Vine St. and Central Avenue. Office hours, 8 to 10 A. M., 5 to 6 P. M.

COAL!

We are now prepared to receive orders for coal, to be delivered at any time through the Fall and Winter, at lowest prices. We deliver coal when desired, in various sizes and best qualities of coal constantly on hand at our yard on Railroad Avenue, opposite the railroad shed shed. Coal furnished direct from cars, monthly. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Give us your orders early.

G. F. SAXTON.

HAMMONTON, N. J.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By Virtue of a Writ of Fieri Facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on **Saturday the 14th day of April, 1883, at TWO O'CLOCK** in the afternoon of said day, at the Court House in May's Landing.

All that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Hammonton, in the county of Atlantic and state of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the centre of Pine road at a distance of three hundred and twenty rods northeast of Main road; thence extending [1] north forty-five degrees thirty minutes west, eighty rods to a point; thence [2] north forty-four degrees thirty minutes east, twenty rods to a point; thence [3] south forty five degrees and thirty minutes east, eighty rods to the centre of Pine road aforesaid; thence [4] along the same south forty four degrees and thirty minutes west, twenty-one rods to the place of beginning, containing ten and one-half acres of land, strict measure, being the same tract of land that Frederick Davis et al., conveyed by deed, dated March thirty-first, 1866, to Mary J. Griffith, and is recorded in the Clerk's Office of Atlantic county, in Liber 28 of Deeds, 605 597, relation thereto will more fully show.

Seized as the property of George Olivit et al., and taken in execution as the suit of Anna Glueck executrix, etc., and to be sold by ISAAC COLLINS, Sheriff. Dated Jan. 27, 1883.

The Republican

Entered as second class matter. HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO., N. J. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1893.

Mr. Parker and his attendant, who formerly kept a portion of each summer at the Hammonton house, have secured rooms at Mrs. Peebles for a few weeks.

Tomlin & Smith's opening of Spring Hats, Bonnets and other Novelties is advertised for yesterday and today. If you haven't called there yet, we advise you to do so today, or this evening. It will give you pleasure, even if you are not ready to purchase.

Parties who have crates belonging to H. Tuttle & Co., of Boston, or Wm. Ganahl & Co., of New York, are requested to report to me the number on hand; also, those who are short of crates, the number desired. I will make all the matters straight.

C. P. Hill, Hammonton. It would be convenient for the Postmaster, save time in distributing the mail, and add but little to the labor of correspondents, if all of our readers would request their friends to address letters and papers to their post-office box by number. Please bear this in mind when your next letter is written.

We heard a Middleford man praise the new road-scraper and his work, saying: "On Monday, Messrs. Burgess and Ballard, with their four horses, put the scraper to work on the road. The job was probably cost the town about ten dollars, under the old plan, with teams, shovels, plow, and a squad of men, it would have cost at least seventy-five dollars." That looks as though the scraper would prove a good investment.

While shade trees are both ornamental and useful, on each side of our streets and avenues, they can be made a nuisance by neglect. For instance, there are several places on Bellevue where a man cannot hold an umbrella over his head and walk upright, because of limbs that hang over the sidewalks. These limbs should be trimmed up, both for convenience and beauty. The number of bicyclists is increasing, too, and a rider risks his neck, at times, because of these same branches.

Deeds, or sermons vulgar, has been receiving notice in the Country Gentleman, and several correspondents speak favorably and unfavorably of it. It is said that stock relish it more than do corn fodder. It is adapted to light, sandy soil, and does well with a small quantity of fertilizer. It sprouts very rapidly after being cut for fodder, thus producing a second crop. It stands severe drought much better than corn, and is highly recommended for ensilage purposes.

In last week's Herald someone referred to uncomplimentary terms to the price in many of our newspapers. We are glad to hear that the price of the Herald is so low. We are glad to hear that the price of the Herald is so low. We are glad to hear that the price of the Herald is so low.

Charles Hunt, SHOEMAKER. Solicitor for Repairing or New Work. Leave orders at Carpenter's store, or at my residence, 23rd Street, near First Road, Hammonton.

GO TO PACKER'S AT THE Old Stand, The Hammonton Bakery. Where the usual variety of choice breads, rolls, cakes, pies, and crullers, so well attested, in quantity and quality, by a critical and discriminating public.

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Don't forget that the oldest, best and cheapest Insurance Company is the North American. Assets nearly \$10,000,000. Its agent in Hammonton is A. J. KING.

The Street Committee of Camden City Council has notified the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to desist from connecting the tracks of the Camden & Atlantic with those of the Pennsylvania until the Council's consent is obtained, as the tracks, when constructed, will cross over ground dedicated to the city. Rumor states that the "Penns" have this year withheld the free passes heretofore issued to said Council. The same old human nature prevails even among the "City Fathers."

A Little Wine. "Timothy, use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities," was Paul's injunction to his beloved follower. Paul did not say, "take glucose, oil or turpentine, India cooke, cantharides, oil of vitriol, log-wood, tincture of nard, forty-rod whiskey, dead rats and mice, crocoaches, strychnine, capsicum, fusi oil, and a score of other unmentionable articles, and guzzle them down every hour of the day and half the night, for thy stomach sake."

He did not say, "drink, drink, drink, until your blood is poisoned, your brain paralyzed and you become lower in the scale of being than the beasts that perish. He did not advise Timothy to drink until he became a raving maniac, and murderer. The wine that he advised him to drink was the unfermented, pure juice of the grape, unperfected, non-poisonous, hence would not intoxicate. It was as harmless, mild and bland as molasses, yet bishops, clergymen, ministers and laymen, have drunk barrels of hot whiskey punch, and tereos of fiery champagne under the sanction of Paul's charge to Timothy.

In all the Bible there cannot be found one single passage that authorizes, encourages, or even tolerates drunkenness, or the use of intoxicating drinks. On the contrary, hundreds may be found likening it to a serpent, an adder, a thief, and the source of war, sorrow, poverty, degradation, crime and suffering here, and remorse and sorrow hereafter.

J. M. Stoddard, publisher of the American edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," has sued the Tribune Association to recover \$100,000 for alleged libel.

The Ansonia House, at Ansonia, Conn., was burned on Monday night and several of the guests had narrow escapes.

The dynamite scare in Canada has caused much uneasiness among members of Parliament at Ottawa.

Charles Bradburn, W. J. Ramsey, the proprietor, and G. W. Foose, the editor of the FreeThinker, who are charged with publishing a sketch of the Deity and blasphemous libels in that journal, were arraigned in court. Mr. Bradburn applied for a separate trial, which was granted.

Henry C. Kelsey, Secretary of State has issued a circular letter from the Department of State and Bureau of Vital Statistics, to all whose duty it is to furnish vital statistics, saying: "The necessity of a State record of every marriage, birth and death, the legal rights of those concerned, and the penalties for neglect of returns are such that omission to obey the law may at any time cause you both difficulty and expense. We shall hereafter take it for granted that all know the law. Returns should be made in ink and care used in dates. All City Clerks and Assessors (and, at any time, supply blanks of any needed information, or postal directed 'Bureau of Vital Statistics, Trenton, N. J.," will bring reply."

Owing to the statement reflecting the effect of the new tariff law upon the prices of earthen ware, the Pottery Association, comprising all the pottery firms of Trenton has adopted a resolution that there will be no increase of rates during the existence of the new tariff law over the lowest average rates of the past ten years, and that the prices will be lower to the consumer for the next five years than they have been during any period of five years for the past 100 years, providing, of course, that the new law is not repealed.

Use Dr. Mayo's Electric Body Battery, for the prevention and cure of diseases. Read advertisement.

A Card. To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions, loss of manhood, weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, free of charge. This great remedy was discovered by a physician in South America. Send in self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INGRAM, Station D, New York City.

The REPUBLICAN contains more than twenty-five columns of entertaining reading each week. Thus, in a year we furnish you 1300 columns of fresh news items, stories, etc., all for \$1.25.

FRANK P. CALE THE NEW BUTCHER. DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF MEAT.

His wagon will be found on the streets near the station every day except Tuesday. Will make a circuit of the town every Thursday and Saturday.

JOS. THOMPSON. S. D. HOFFMAN. Thompson & Hoffman, Attorneys-at-Law, Masters in Chancery, Notaries Public, Commissioners of Deeds, Supreme Court Commissioners, City Hall, Atlantic City, N. Y.

WISDOM people are always on the lookout for some means to increase their earning and in time become wealthy; they are not content with the proportionate amount in their pockets. We under a great chance to make money for us for us in our own locality. Any one can do the work properly for the best part. The best part of more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished. You can make money in a few days. You can make money in a few days. You can make money in a few days.

Charles Hunt, SHOEMAKER. Solicitor for Repairing or New Work. Leave orders at Carpenter's store, or at my residence, 23rd Street, near First Road, Hammonton.

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HISTORY REPEATED.

Penn's advent in this country, two hundred years ago, may be regarded as that of a Clothier. We continue in the same line, upon similar principles of equity and prudence, but with enlarged facilities and superior advantages to the customer, who has not only a large stock from which to select, but the privilege of returning goods and getting back the money on all purchases that cannot otherwise be made satisfactory.

A. G. YATES & Co. Ledger Building, Chestnut and Sixth Streets, PHILADELPHIA.

Leave all orders for Printing until he kind at the "South Jersey Republican" office.

GARDNER & SHINN, INSURANCE AGENT. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. References: Policy holders in the Atlantic City Area.

HOW WE ALWAYS TEST SEEDS. From Small Tests in 1784 this Practice has Extended to Acres.

OUR TRIAL GROUND embraces the entire list of vegetables from A to Z; not one sample of each, but comparative lists of some two hundred of each sort. Samples of our own raising, each, but comparative lists of some two hundred of each sort. Samples of our own raising, each, but comparative lists of some two hundred of each sort.

If you want to get pure seeds, true to name, buy Landreth's in original sealed packages only. Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac contains full catalogue of Landreth's color rated Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, with directions for culture. In English and German. Also, Catalogue of Implements and Tools free of charge. PRICES LOW.

D. Landreth & Sons, 21 and 23 S. Sixth St., bet. Market and Chestnut, and S.W. corner Delaware Avenue and Arch St., Philadelphia.

Boots, - Shoes, - and - Rubbers. BOOTS AND SHOES WHICH FIT AND WEAR WELL. Are the Best to buy.

And they can be found at E. H. Carpenter's, Hammonton, N. J.

Boots, - Shoes, - and - Rubbers. FOUND AT LAST. PRESSEY'S IMPROVED Common-Sense Incubator. Hatches seventy-five to ninety per cent, in the hands of an amateur. Now is the time to send in your orders, which will be filed in regular order as received.

Price, \$22.50 Also, Pure Langshan Eggs for Setting. O.E. Moore, Agt. & Poultry Dealer, HAMMONTON, NEW JERSEY.



LADIES' TONIC.

The Great Female Remedy. The Favorite Prescription of the Women's Medical Institute, BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

For Leucorrhoea, or White Discharge, and all other ailments of the Female System, this Tonic is the only remedy that will cure. It is a pure, natural, and safe medicine, and is the only one that will cure. It is a pure, natural, and safe medicine, and is the only one that will cure.

Mr. L. Trumbull has tables, chairs, bedsteads, bedding, etc., for sale. Call at his residence, on Fairview Avenue.

Mr. Jesse Rogers has moved into Mr. Newcomb's house on Middle Road, just vacated by Wm. Hayes.

John Mathias Wagner died at Buena Vista on Friday, March 30th, 1892, aged 82 years.

The Grand Army Post will give a social in their hall on Saturday evening, April 23rd, for members and their families only.

James DePuy offers his residence for rent during the summer, himself and wife expecting to leave soon for New York State.

A law passed at the recent session of the New Jersey Legislature requires that exit doors of school-houses shall be made to open outward.

A little boy was recently heard to pray: "O Lord, bless brother Bill and make him as good a boy as I am." That boy will be a "Reformer" some day.

Examinations made lively work in Hammonton schools, for five days; now the pupils are asking each other - "Did you pass?" and the invariable reply is - "Danno."

There are several dogs toward the upper end of Bellevue Avenue that need "doctoring," and some one will attend to the business soon, if the owners do not.

The Camden & Atlantic Railroad track is undergoing thorough repairs. Not only every tie seems to require replacement, but the ballast is being replaced with a new one; and the top of the ties is being filled with earth to the top of the ties as they are replaced. The case is very distressing, more so as she is the mother of five small children.

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For the Young.

A Cat's Strategy. In a certain doctor's family there is a cat—thought to be the smartest of its kind. Like other cats he is fond of petting, but, unlike them, he wants to do it all himself.

But put out a hand to stroke him, or that delight of cats, to scratch his head, and an ugly slap with his paw exhibits his displeasure. Yet he himself keeps on petting in his own way, jumping into your lap and standing up to rub his head against your chin.

Cats have never been known to attend church services, as dogs sometimes do, but this cat never takes an active interest in the family prayers. Having been well brought up, he never expects to be fed until breakfast is finished and prayers are over. If, however, he thinks the family has sat long enough at table, he taps his mistress on the arm and runs swiftly back upon his hind legs, and sits up like a kangaroo, begging. If he discovers that this has no effect, he jumps up on the little stand where the Bibles are kept, and pushes them off, one after another.

The attention of the family is thereby drawn, and he is punished, but his end is gained. For the Bibles are turned to the different members of the family and prayers begin.

Then he jumps upon the stand, sits upright with wide open eyes, a grave and solemn aspect, and utters a low sound during the reading, and the saying of the prayers, until the doctor says "Amen." Before the word is finished, an imperative *Mour* tells that he well knows that his turn has come at last.

Alfonso's Kindness.

Alfonso, the young king of Spain, is popular with his subjects. They credit him with possessing more of the virtues and fewer of the vices than are usually associated with monarchs.

One of his prominent traits is his kindness of heart. In this, he resembles his mother, the deposed queen Isabella, who, notwithstanding her grave faults, is greatly beloved on account of her amiable disposition.

One day, while riding in a Madrid horse car, the Marquis entered. Whereupon a friend told us an incident associated with that nobleman, which goes to explain Alfonso's popularity.

The Spaniards are fond of picnics. Even in winter, families may be seen in sunny spots, sitting on the ground, eating and drinking with merry hearts. We have witnessed, with a surprise incident to a Boston training, a group of friends sitting on the curb-stone, on the sunny side of a broad street in Madrid, and munching together as pleasantly as if in a dining-room.

The royal family share the Spanish love for life in the open air, and often go on picnics into the country around Madrid. One day, last spring, a party of ladies and gentlemen, headed by the king and queen, started on horseback for the woods, where they intended to breakfast, and a meal which, in Spain, is eaten at noon.

It began to rain, but the royal cavalcade were not to be balked of their pleasure for fear of a slight wetting. They kept on, entered the woods, ate their breakfast, and had a jolly time, even though the raindrops did beat a tattoo on the leaves.

On their return, the horse of the Marquis slipped on the wet road, and fell with his rider under him. The marquis' leg was broken; there was no doctor in the party, and they were three miles from the city.

Constructing a litter of branches and leaves, they placed the wounded man thereon, and bore him to Madrid. The king dismounting from his horse, insisted upon walking the whole distance by the side of the litter, that he might cheer the sufferer with encouraging words.

When the party reached the city, Alfonso ordered the Marquis to be taken to the royal palace, and the king's physician to be summoned.

In a few hours the incident was known all over Madrid, and even the most pronounced Spanish republican could not help saying:

"Long live Alfonso!" He who established his throne in the affections of the people acts on the republican principle, and usually enjoys a long reign. The incident may indicate the stability of Alfonso's throne.

Truthful and Thorough.

William Cullen Bryant was a plain man, and disliked pretensions people. "How is it that you can make Mr. Bryant talk?" asked a lady of another, with whom she had seen the poet conversing, "simply by not trying to be smart and making no effort to talk well," was many sought the poet works they admired. Some used to call him cold and unsympathetic. They were mistaken. The man they sought was modest in his estimation of himself, and therefore shy. He disliked to be lionized, and would not be patronized. But his apparent coldness of manner arose from his truthfulness—he was willing to express a greater degree of interest than he felt.

No man was more cordial to those he knew and esteemed. As the editor of the *Evening Post*, he was distinguished for his frank and easy manner with his subordinates. His commands were put in the form of requests. If he wished to see a member of his staff, he never sent for him, but went to him. He was never ostentatious of himself on his position.

Consideration for others, and a desire to avoid the infliction of pain were prominent traits of Mr. Bryant's character. A literary editor of the *Evening Post* once had a bad case of poetic idiosyncrasy. Mr. Bryant had said to him, "I wish you to deal very gently with poets, especially the weaker ones." The editor was embarrassed on one side was the injunction, on the other was the book of poems, without a line to praise.

A New Cereal.

An exchange says: A new cereal has been introduced by a gentleman of South Carolina, a description of which may interest our readers. Millonitz is a native of the Southern Hemisphere, being found in large quantities in Colombia, where it is used as the common food of the working people and the grain is fed to working animals. In food qualities it is said to be superior to wheat, and experiments show that fifty to one hundred bushels of clean seed can be raised to the acre. Rev. R. H. Pratt, formerly a missionary in South America, the gentleman who has introduced the grain and who has raised it successfully for some years in South Carolina, says the millonitz is allied to the sorghum and Guinea corn families, and should not be planted where there is any danger of mixing them. The grain is small, and is merely than the Guinea corn families, heads are larger and more compact, and the color is milk white instead of red. It differs from sorghum in this, that the sugar it contains is fully converted into corn when the grain matures—so that the pith of the grains stalks becomes as dry and tasteless as that of Indian corn when the stalk is dead. In Baranquilla, on the coast, where we have a dry season (which is really a drought) of five or six months' continuance, I have had it planted in my garden, and after it had ripened one crop of seed I have cut it down to the roots in the midst of this dry season and had a second crop of inferior quality, of course, to shoot up at once from the roots. I have been told that a third crop of fully ripened seed can thus be obtained from a single plant. I do not know what this can imply (for the soil at this season gets as dry as a potsherd, and nearly as hard) unless it means that, above most other plants, this lives off the atmosphere which there, certainly, is densely charged with moisture from the sea. It was this unlimited capacity to stand drought which induced me to bring the seed home, in the belief that it would be of incalculable service to our Southern States, where our crops so often fail from drought.

ORNAMENTAL TABLE COVERS.—Handsome table covers are made of alternate squares or half squares of basket flannel and of velvetine, one made of two shades of brown is very pretty, and one of brown and lemon color is particularly effective. The spread should be lined; it is not necessary that the entire lining should be of expensive material; unbleached factory cloth will answer, provided that the facing is deep. No border is requisite, but if one prefers to have it this should be of velvetine, and the facing of a contrasting color. If the blocks are neatly put together no needlework is necessary to adorn the spread; but, of course, this point may be determined according to the taste and means of the maker.

THERE ARE MANY WOMEN, at least two in every village, some of whose moments are made burdensome on account of having in their sitting-room, behind the coal stove, a long shelf of wood. This is usually painted white, to match other wood-work in the room, and on this white-painted surface the soft, gray dust settles all the time. There is no vigilance short of the eternal which serves to keep it free. A young wife tried this plan, and it is so nearly satisfactory that she tells it for the benefit of others. It is a lambrequin for the shelf; it may be of aida canvas or of Macramé. It need not be a deep lambrequin, from ten inches to fifteen will answer. Then cover the shelf with crash and attach the lambrequin to it. The dust may settle there, but if given a careful brushing in the morning you will not be disheartened by seeing it for the rest of the day. The lambrequin in the case mentioned was made of Macramé, and was crocheted; three spaces were left through which scarlet ribbons were run; the edge was finished with a deep, large scallop. The ribbons were put in lengthwise. If one chooses to do so, the ribbons could be put in the other way and the ends could be left a little longer than the lambrequin, and, after being turned back in points, little tassels of cream could be put on. This is a pretty design for a corner bracket.

Suicide by Starvation is so popular now that a Philadelphia man is going to try it. He will board at a New York hotel and refuse to eat the waiters.

Keeping Warm in the Far North. I reached home on the 13th, the coldest weather I experienced on the trip being on the 13th, when, about two hours before sunrise, the thermometer indicated 33° F. That day I made a journey of twenty-five miles, riding most of the way on the sleds, and it was during that day that I felt uncomfortable, the highest the thermometer reached being 50° F., and I might here say that I really enjoyed the whole trip. I attribute it almost wholly to the Esquimaux reindeer clothing and constant living in a snow igloo like the natives, where the temperature is never above freezing and generally 10° to 15° below that point. I do not believe—and my belief is confirmed by the written accounts of others—that any Arctic voyagers, housed in warm ships with their base and clad in the usual Arctic suits of explorers, could stand such a journey without more or less material discomfort. Once only did I learn the lesson of caution. I took off my right mitten in attempting to get a shot at a passing reindeer, the wind blowing stiffly in my face, and the thermometer 37° F., when the persistent refusal of the frozen gun-lock to work perfectly kept my hand exposed much longer than I had intended. When I attempted, and looking at it I noticed that the skin was as white as marble. Tooolook, who was beside me, noticed it at the same time, and with an Inuit exclamation of surprise, hastily doffing both his mittens grasped it between his warm hands, and then held it against his warmer body under his *coo-lee-ah*, or Esquimaux coat. It soon resumed its functions, and, although I felt for some time as though I was holding on to a hornet's nest, I experienced no more serious results than a couple of ugly looking blisters where the iron of the gun had come in contact with the bare hand. The reindeer, which escaped, as the reindeer clothing is the warmest in the Arctic, so it makes the warmest bedding, two large skins made into a long coffin-like bag or sack, the hair-side in being a sufficient protection in the coldest weather when in a properly constructed igloo. When the first severe cold came at North Hudson Bay I was sleeping under a blanket and two fine buffalo robes, which I found, as the thermometer sank below 30° to 40° F., to be inadequate to secure comfort. Until I procured a reindeer sleeping-bag, weighing not half as much, after which cold nights were no longer dreaded. The ribs of the American bison spread under the least provocation to become damp, and then freezes as stiff as a piece of sole-leather. Once spoiled in this manner, it is difficult to dry it and restore it to its former pliability in the low temperature of an igloo. The furs of the beaver and muskrat I found to be equally unsuitable in our mode of life, and I believe that all the other furs of the temperate zone would have shared the same opinion if tested in the same practical way.—*Lina Schenker, in Forest and Stream.*

Laugh and Grow Fat. "That puts a different face on it," said the swindler when he raised a check from \$20 to \$200. Massachusetts newspapers are to be prohibited from publishing marriage notices in the future, because marriage is a lottery. "Oh, little bird, the night would have no chill, the rain thou wouldst not fool, no moaning wind, if thou couldst heed my word!"

For close again thy tree, that seems so dark to thee, even now the rising sun has flashed his gold. And in a moment more exultant thou wilt soar, and cleave the upper skies with pinions bold.

And thou, oh faltering heart, that shrink'st when winds upstart, and canst not rest in sorrow's bitter night; if thou couldst only hear, Faith's message in thine ear, And calmly wait until the morning light!

For more will surely come, even now the shades of gloom, in her hot lights are fading fast away. But a moment more, and, free, thy soul shall soar, and speed on fearless wing to endless day.

The Secret of the Chateau. It was in the days of the French Revolution, when the reign of the Goddess of Liberty had closed all the churches and stopped every outward religious form, and when the Reign of Terror was at its height in the land. The little town of Verreville, in a south of France, lay all wrapped in a glory of evening sunshine that wrought rare magic among the dingy houses and in the gaudy streets and alleys. Now it played golden jokes with the fountain that danced in a broken basin in the little square; now it clothed with a new, wondrous, picturesque charm the vale of yonder old decaying mansion; now it glided into a small gloomy body, and turned it into a fairy's grotto by changing every pane of glass in the tiny windows round it into a living gem.

Up the principal streets of the town came lumbering a cart bearing a white burden. It was a coffin, over which was spread a coarse, shabby black mantle by way of pall. At each side of the heavy cart horse which drew the vehicle walked a dark-robed figure—a man and a woman. Slowly the little funeral party advanced over the rough pavement, that made the wheels of the cart jolt noisily, and with no reverent sound of woe. Slowly they came through the river of sunlight, and as they went, two or three women, loitering with their pitchers near the fountain, watched them with eyes which had a touch of sorrow in them, and made their comments, as they gazed, in low tones.

"Ah, poor young lady!" said the oldest of the group. "She's the last of them—the very last. I recollect the coming home of her mother, Madame la Comtesse, as a bride, and all the train of hickies in gold lace, and the opening of the crowd as she threw silver pieces among them like rain in Autumn. And now to think that this should be the funeral of her daughter! I have seen strange changes in the land since I was your age, Babetta, my child."

Babette tossed her head and the red hickie fell upon it a little disdainfully, as if her moien lights showed her things which were more worthy of note than anything which the old woman's memory could call up out of the past.

"What good were they in the hand of those aristocrats?" she cried. "They were of no more use than the statues in the garden of the old chateau, where we poor folk can wander round our tables or our sweethearts at our will."

"But the young countess was of a different pattern from those who went before her," here put in a third woman. "When my husband lay sick with the fever, and everybody fled from our cottage on account of infection, she came to visit us, and stood by his bed often and felt his pulse better than the doctor, and sent him strengthening food and medicine. She was no more like her grandmother, who used, when I was a child, to go rolling along in her coach, all one piece of silk and pride, than one of the glittering butts on the ivory coats of the count's footmen was like a bright bit of money that we can spend by hot chocolate and sugar, and all sorts of good things that will rejoice our husbands and children's hearts."

"Well, anyhow, if she had not died now she soon would," said Babette, decidedly. "Her husband is in the prison at Toulon, and she was quickly enough to have followed him there, I

know on good authority; and what a prison and in for aristocrats in these days we all know better than we used to know our patterners in the times when it was the fashion to say them."

"Her death seems to have been a sudden and rather strange one," said the old woman who had first spoken. "It was but two days since I saw her crossing the foot-path through the field opposite our cottage."

"They say she fell down in a fit as she was standing before her dressing-table arranging her hair, and never spoke afterward," said the other old dame, pouring out her information rapidly, as though she feared Babetta might be beforehand with hers.

"That is often the way these aristocrats go out of the world, if they are left to die a natural death," exclaimed Babette, dipping her hand into the fountain and tossing some drops of water about contemptuously, as if they were drops of aristocrat blood. "They eat and drink and sleep so much that their brains and bodies get dull and heavy, and they just fall down and die for weariness of life."

"I wonder what is to become of all the rich plate and jewels that belong to the family?" said Rose, the eldest of the women.

"Oh, Mr. Mayor will soon find out that," cried Babette. "If he'll be in the chateau, depend upon it, by to-morrow morning or before, and he'll look into everything, and make good use of it, too. He's a man that knows what he's about, and who has no false fine feeling about the aristocrats. Very likely he'll distribute some of the plunder of the chateau among us poor folk."

"Filine looks grave and sad enough as she walks by her dead mistress's body," remarked the other elder woman.

"No wonder, poor girl," answered Rose; "they were brought up together, and loved each other more like sisters than any other and servant."

"But for all her sad looks I would wager my silver earrings against your cat's neckless, Rose, that she is thinking more of the late lady than of the dead in her faith, to have him for her companion in a business like this. All she's a shy one, for all her demure ways, and her smooth face, that seems to have no more in it than an empty milk-pail." Babette made a little expressive wink, which might imply more or less according to the fancy of her companions, as she spoke these last words.

"They will marry very soon now, I should think," said old Rose, taking up her pitcher, which had been long brim ming over patiently at her side.

"Oh, I won't say that it will ever come to a marriage, after all," exclaimed Babette, with such a toss this time that the folds of the red handkerchief got loose and fluttered in the breeze. "Does he look like a bridegroom as he strides along there, with just the same grin as usual on his broad face; he can't get rid of it even at a funeral, the blockhead? Does he look like a bridegroom that any sensible girl would give an old tin kettle for?"

"Well, it's strangest of all that they should bury her in this way, if, as you say, there's money and riches of all sorts left in the chateau still," said the younger of the two old women.

"Ah, Mlle Filine and M. Maurice know more about that matter, I suspect, than any one else," rejoined Babette, with a wink, yet more saturated with meaning than the last. "They are master and mistress at the chateau now that the count is in prison and the countess is dead; and they are making the most of their time, as the birds do in the vineyards before the vintage begins."

After that the group round the fountain broke up, and the women dispersed in different directions. As she went Babette had her own special train of thought, into which she probably would not exactly have liked any of her friends to look.

"As sure as the countess' diamonds are real, and not glass,"—this was the way in which her reflections ended.—"Pierre shall try his luck to-night. I don't see why Babette and Pierre should not be the fortunate pair, as well as Filine and Maurice."

Meanwhile the young man and the girl, of whom their neighbors' mouths and minds had just, but unconsciously to their two selves, been so full, had reached the church for the completion of their sad errand. No religious ceremonies of any kind were permitted at this time in France. But still the ser-

vice of the young Comtesse de Florion, perhaps recollecting that in her life she had scarcely known to the rites of her church, were going to lay her remains in hallowed ground, and a portion of the pavement beneath the southern wall of the church and inside the building had been raised to allow of the body being placed beneath it. The family vault of the de Florions was far away in a distant part of the town; but, as the countess' remains were transported thither, her servant and foster sister and companion, Filine de Fournier, had chosen the interior of Verreville church as their resting-place. As long as no religious rites were used, the civil authorities of the little town had made no objection to this arrangement.

"Maurice will do all the rest," said Filine, when the coffin had been lowered into the place prepared for it, turning to the two women who had been helping them in their mournful work. "I should like my poor mistress' own faithful servant to perform the very last offices for her."

"It is strange that Filine de Fournier's grief at her mistress' loss is not more evident in outward signs," said the elder of the men to his companion, as they withdrew from the church in obedience to the girl's words. "I had expected to see her drawn in tears."

"There must have been some coolness between them before the lady died. It is always so, sooner or later, when we sons and daughters of the people form close bonds of intimacy and affection with an aristocrat," said the younger man, who was none other than Babette's lover, Pierre, and who, as in duty bound, held the same Red Republican opinions as his future most emphatically better half; though, if truth must be told, he was often in a very hazy state about the matter, even when he expressed the loudest.

"Well, I don't know," rejoined the old man, thoughtfully. "I can't say what may be the cause of it, but that girl's face and manner puzzle me more than the change of the wind."

And the face of Filine de Fournier certainly was a face that any man might have found it difficult to read the meaning of as she stood there by the grave for her. It was a remarkably pretty brunette, whose features were, generally, all sparkling with animated thought and feeling which went flashing in swift, brilliant play from the dark eyes to the rosy mouth. But to-day the whole face was stamped with one fixed, settled expression, which might be interpreted in its gravity and intensity to mean sorrow, or anxiety, or deep, troubled thought. Looking at that fair face was, to-day, like listening to a story told emphatically and eloquently in some musical foreign language that we do not understand.

"Maurice," said the girl, sharply, to her companion, as soon as they were left alone, "where are your brains gone? Who ever saw any one at a funeral with a face like yours? You'll have set the whole town talking. I don't know that I shall ever forgive you."

"But my charment," began Maurice, whose countenance still certainly did not seem to correspond to his solemn talk.

"Maurice," interrupted Filine, "have done with your pretty words and speeches; there is a time for them, I dare say, but it's certainly not now. You must mind what you are about, and don't make such a fool of yourself again."

It was the night after the young countess' funeral, a full, round, silver moon was looking down upon the old Florion chateau, which stood on a rising ground at about a mile from Verreville. The house was sunk in deep repose; it had few inmates now, only the servants, among whom were Filine and Maurice, the old steward's son who had lately come home to help his aged father in his office.

In the shadow of the wall two figures stood whispering together. "This is the door which the key will open," said a woman's voice. "I have kept it ever since I was in service here; they thought it was lost; I have always fancied it might come useful some day, and now the time has come. Go in at once, Pierre, and be quick about it. I have told you all the receptacles where money and jewels and plate are kept. You can't make a mistake."

"Must I go alone? Won't you come with me? We should do it all the quicker, two of us together, and it's always so much pleasanter a night to have company in an old house like this. The servants submitted quite calmly to say it's haunted, and there was a death here so lately. Oh I sweet Babette, do please, come with me."

"May I be stowed in a pot-ouf-fet when he looked back he only saw Mlle Filine and M. Maurice following Pierre, and look sharp, and don't be such a mixture of mule and a milk-sop. I shall stay here and watch." So saying, she pushed her true knight without further ceremony through the door which she had opened.

—On went Pierre, his teeth chattering and his heart beating in unison, the moonlight as it stole through the long, narrow windows of the old house, playing strange, uncanny games with him as he went. Now a dark, gigantic figure seemed lurking in yonder corner, now a pale hand beckoned to him in a moonbeam, now the shadows formed themselves into a long black procession which came to meet him. With carefully held breath, and feet that scarce dared tread, he passed near the corridor where he knew, from Babette, that the servants' rooms lay; but to his joy and relief he heard no sound there. The family portraits as he passed them in the long gallery, came to life, now and then, in a ray of moonshine, and glared at him; the wind whispered something mysterious and startling to him through every keyhole; the rows of chairs in the rooms looked as if they were waiting for a party of ghosts. But the old church had become a place well fitted for ghosts to frequent.

We must mention here that the Count de Florion had escaped, in some way that had never been explained, from his prison at Toulon, the very day after his wife's funeral, and had made his home, as it was said, since then in England. As for Filine and Maurice, they had married soon after their mistress' death, and were now living on a little farm which they had taken near the town, and which they cultivated with care and success.

But to return to the mysterious light in the old church. One night Babette and Pierre, who were still plighted lovers, though the extreme contempt of the maiden for her adorer had hitherto prevented the final knot being tied, were coming back from a friend's house, where they had spent the evening. When they reached the old church, both of them perceived that there was most certainly a light shining through its windows. Pierre's immediate impulse was sudden flight, but Babette, still true to her color as a philosophic free thinker, declared her intention of clearing up once for all the mystery. She made the trembling Pierre wait close by, and then boldly advanced herself toward one of the church windows, and looked in.

As Babette gazed at the sight which met her view it was so strange and utterly unaccountable that she rubbed her eyes, thinking she must be under some optical illusion, but when she looked again it was all still there. What she saw was, shortly, this, and it was little wonder that she was bewildered with wildest astonishment: She beheld the countess' grave open, and at the side of it stood Filine, the farmer's wife, with a great glittering mass of something which looked like a heap of gold and silver and jewels lying at her feet. Babette's nationalistic principle forsook her most treacherously, and melted away like morning mist; the notion suddenly flashed across her that Filine was a witch, and she sank insensible to the ground. Pierre's love was stronger than Pierre's fear; having heard Babette try out as she faintly, he came to her help though she was lying in the very gleam of the mysterious light. When she came to herself in the house whither he had borne her Babette was so far touched by his devotion that she promised to become his wife the next morning, and kept her word. On the very morning after Babette's vision Filine and Maurice disappeared from their farm in a sudden and mysterious manner.

Not until many years after, when political changes in France allowed of the return of the Florion family to their native land, was the whole strange story with regard to them and their servants Maurice and Filine cleared up. It was then publicly known that the young countess was not dead, and that money and the plate and jewels of her family had been buried, instead of her body, in the old church at Verreville. The fact of the countess being regarded as dead had, moreover, enabled her to carry out with greater safety a scheme for her husband's escape. When things had grown a little quieter in France, Maurice and Filine had disinterred their treasure and conveyed it to their master and mistress in England. The whole had been invented and carried out by the courage and wit and devotion of Filine.

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FAITH'S MESSAGE.

Out in the stormy night With not a star in sight, And moaning winds that wander wearily, Rocked in his lonely nest of gloom, And vexed and sore distressed, A little lonely bird pines drearily.

And I within my room, Who know that dawn has come, In prayer I would be glad, The night would have no chill, The rain thou wouldst not fool, No moaning wind, if thou couldst heed my word!

For close again thy tree, That seems so dark to thee, Even now the rising sun has flashed his gold. And in a moment more Exultant thou wilt soar, And cleave the upper skies with pinions bold.

And thou, oh faltering heart, That shrink'st when winds upstart, And canst not rest in sorrow's bitter night; If thou couldst only hear, Faith's message in thine ear, And calmly wait until the morning light!

For more will surely come, Even now the shades of gloom, In her hot lights are fading fast away. But a moment more, and, free, thy soul shall soar, and speed on fearless wing to endless day.

The Secret of the Chateau.

It was in the days of the French Revolution, when the reign of the Goddess of Liberty had closed all the churches and stopped every outward religious form, and when the Reign of Terror was at its height in the land. The little town of Verreville, in a south of France, lay all wrapped in a glory of evening sunshine that wrought rare magic among the dingy houses and in the gaudy streets and alleys. Now it played golden jokes with the fountain that danced in a broken basin in the little square; now it clothed with a new, wondrous, picturesque charm the vale of yonder old decaying mansion; now it glided into a small gloomy body, and turned it into a fairy's grotto by changing every pane of glass in the tiny windows round it into a living gem.

Up the principal streets of the town came lumbering a cart bearing a white burden. It was a coffin, over which was spread a coarse, shabby black mantle by way of pall. At each side of the heavy cart horse which drew the vehicle walked a dark-robed figure—a man and a woman. Slowly the little funeral party advanced over the rough pavement, that made the wheels of the cart jolt noisily, and with no reverent sound of woe. Slowly they came through the river of sunlight, and as they went, two or three women, loitering with their pitchers near the fountain, watched them with eyes which had a touch of sorrow in them, and made their comments, as they gazed, in low tones.

"Ah, poor young lady!" said the oldest of the group. "She's the last of them—the very last. I recollect the coming home of her mother, Madame la Comtesse, as a bride, and all the train of hickies in gold lace, and the opening of the crowd as she threw silver pieces among them like rain in Autumn. And now to think that this should be the funeral of her daughter! I have seen strange changes in the land since I was your age, Babetta, my child."

Babette tossed her head and the red hickie fell upon it a little disdainfully, as if her moien lights showed her things which were more worthy of note than anything which the old woman's memory could call up out of the past.

"What good were they in the hand of those aristocrats?" she cried. "They were of no more use than the statues in the garden of the old chateau, where we poor folk can wander round our tables or our sweethearts at our will."

"But the young countess was of a different pattern from those who went before her," here put in a third woman. "When my husband lay sick with the fever, and everybody fled from our cottage on account of infection, she came to visit us, and stood by his bed often and felt his pulse better than the doctor, and sent him strengthening food and medicine. She was no more like her grandmother, who used, when I was a child, to go rolling along in her coach, all one piece of silk and pride, than one of the glittering butts on the ivory coats of the count's footmen was like a bright bit of money that we can spend by hot chocolate and sugar, and all sorts of good things that will rejoice our husbands and children's hearts."

"Well, anyhow, if she had not died now she soon would," said Babette, decidedly. "Her husband is in the prison at Toulon, and she was quickly enough to have followed him there, I

know on good authority; and what a prison and in for aristocrats in these days we all know better than we used to know our patterners in the times when it was the fashion to say them."

"Her death seems to have been a sudden and rather strange one," said the old woman who had first spoken. "It was but two days since I saw her crossing the foot-path through the field opposite our cottage."

"They say she fell down in a fit as she was standing before her dressing-table arranging her hair, and never spoke afterward," said the other old dame, pouring out her information rapidly, as though she feared Babetta might be beforehand with hers.

"That is often the way these aristocrats go out of the world, if they are left to die a natural death," exclaimed Babette, dipping her hand into the fountain and tossing some drops of water about contemptuously, as if they were drops of aristocrat blood. "They eat and drink and sleep so much that their brains and bodies get dull and heavy, and they just fall down and die for weariness of life."

"I wonder what is to become of all the rich plate and jewels that belong to the family?" said Rose, the eldest of the women.

"Oh, Mr. Mayor will soon find out that," cried Babette. "If he'll be in the chateau, depend upon it, by to-morrow morning or before, and he'll look into everything, and make good use of it, too. He's a man that knows what he's about, and who has no false fine feeling about the aristocrats. Very likely he'll distribute some of the plunder of the chateau among us poor folk."

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Pilot, Barnum's ugly elephant, was killed.
 In the billiard tournament at Chicago last week, games were won by Schaefer, who made the best average on record, against Dion, and by Daly against Sexton.

Surgeon-General J. K. Barnes died last week.
 Secretary Folger was well enough Monday to resume work.

The Government's bill relative to explosives passed its third reading in the English House of Commons yesterday. It provides that the maximum penalty for causing an explosion imperilling life or property shall be life-long servitude; that for keeping explosives with intent to cause an explosion, twenty years' imprisonment and that for the unlawful making and keeping of explosives under suspicious circumstances, fourteen years' imprisonment.

Bernard Gallagher, the plottor arrested at Glasgow, has made frequent trips between the United States and Great Britain within the last few years.

The Marquis of Ripon will resign the Vice-royalty of India at the end of the present year.

The Italian Minister of Marine has approved plans for the immediate building of a colossal vessel to be used as a transport for troops and war material. The King has signed a decree ordering the formation of seventy-two new companies of territorial and Alpine troops.

Floods have covered a large section of Southern Russia with water. Railway travel has been temporarily suspended.

The will of the late Peter Cooper was offered for probate on Wednesday. The estate amounts to \$2,000,000, of which \$200,000 will be devoted to special bequests. Cooper Union receives \$100,000 in addition to the money and property given to it during Mr. Cooper's lifetime, and the greater part of the estate is to be divided equally between Mr. Cooper's children—ex-Mayor Cooper and the wife of Abram S. Hewitt.

Postmaster-General Gresham assumed charge on Wednesday.

Thirteen persons lost their lives in the Ende Hotel disaster Friday night, in Greenville, Texas.

Mr. Lowell, speaking at a dinner in Kensington Saturday evening, said that no American approved the dynamite policy.

Little Johnny had been to church and heard a very obese parson. On the way home he remarked: "What a norful stomach that preacher had! Didn't seem right, though, for him to get off that joke."
 "What joke?" interposed his father.
 "Why, don't you know," returned Johnny, "where he put his hands down on the part where his vest stuck out, and said, 'Man wants but little here below.'"

"DO YOU WANT TO LIVE ANY LONGER?"—Said a wealthy farmer of Hannibal, N. Y., as he stepped into the room where his wife lay suffering from a lingering illness. "Yes," said she. "Well," said he, "I don't know as I do. We are paying out money all the time for doctoring and it don't amount to anything." He took his revolver, went out to his orchard and fatally shot himself through the head. Here was the case of a man suffering from melancholy which a dose of Swayne's Pills would have quickly removed. If you feel miserable, despondent and weary, don't worry and fret, but try Swayne's Pills. They have saved many lives and caused much happiness.

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Camden & Atlantic Railroad

The Winter Arrangement, 1882

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	Mail	Su. Ac.	Ha. Ac.
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Philadelphia	9 20	5 50	9 50	7 35
Camden	9 10	6 42	9 40	7 25
Penna. R. R. Junction	9 05	6 37	9 35	7 21
Madison	8 55	6 27	9 25	7 05
Berlin	8 45	6 17	9 15	6 55
Atco	8 20	6 55	8 45	6 22
Waterford	8 17	6 48	8 40	6 22
Winslow	8 07	6 38	8 29	6 13
Hammononton	8 00	6 29	8 21	6 05
DeCosta	7 55	6 23	8 15	5 58
Elwood	7 46	6 16	8 06	5 50
Egg Harbor City	7 37	6 06	7 56	5 42
Absecon	7 15	5 41	7 33	5 20
Atlantic City	7 00	5 30	7 20	5 10

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	Mail	Su. Ac.	Ha. Ac.
	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Philadelphia	4 30	8 00	6 00	6 00
Camden	4 10	8 10	6 10	6 10
Penna. R. R. Junction	4 15	8 15	6 15	6 15
Madison	4 25	8 25	6 25	6 25
Berlin	4 35	8 35	6 35	6 35
Atco	5 15	8 55	6 03	7 11
Waterford	5 23	9 03	6 16	7 20
Winslow	5 35	9 15	6 28	7 30
Hammononton	5 42	9 25	6 35	7 37
DeCosta	5 47	9 30	6 40	7 40
Elwood	5 57	9 40	6 50	7 50
Egg Harbor City	6 06	9 47	6 58	7 58
Absecon	6 26	10 07	7 18	8 18
Atlantic City	6 40	10 20	7 30	8 30

ESTABLISHED 1840
HOWARD A. SNOW,
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 Having succeeded in paying ALL ITS LIABILITIES, and securing an

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ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT

and a **Careful Supervision of the business** and will continue in the future, as in the past, to act on the principle of

PROMPT PAYMENT OF HONEST LOSSES

without seeking to EVADE them on technical grounds.
 Hereafter, no notes will be subject to assessment, until they are a year old.
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 Any information cheerfully given by the Officer: C. T. COMPANY or its Agents,
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R. J. HOWELL, Sec'y.
 Dec. 31, 1881

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Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table on and after Nov. 9th, 1882.

	At. Ac.	Mail	Su. Ac.	Ha. Ac.
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Philadelphia	8 00	4 00	8 00	8 00
Camden	4 40	8 20	4 20	8 20
Oakland	4 57	8 27	4 37	8 27
Williamstown Junction	5 58	9 08	5 38	9 08
Ocean Brook	6 12	9 12	5 52	9 12
Winslow	6 31	9 20	6 11	9 20
Hammononton	7 05	9 28	6 45	9 31
DeCosta	7 20	9 38	6 41	9 37
Elwood	8 03	9 41	6 48	9 45
Egg Harbor City	8 30	9 51	6 58	9 58
Absecon	9 03	10 15	7 30	10 25
Atlantic City, Ar.	9 25	10 30	6 55	10 35

	At. Ac.	Mail	Su. Ac.	Ha. Ac.
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Atlantic City	7 15	4 45	7 30	7 30
Pleasantville	7 30	11 10	3 45	3 45
Egg Harbor	7 53	11 47	4 07	4 07
Elwood	8 03	12 10	4 17	4 17
DeCosta	8 10	12 26	4 25	4 25
Winslow	8 10	12 39	4 32	4 32
Ocean Brook	8 15	12 45	4 37	4 37
Williamstown Junction	8 35	1 18	4 52	4 52
Oakland	8 41	1 28	4 58	4 58
Philadelphia	9 12	2 40	5 30	5 30
Philadelphia	9 20	2 40	6 00	6 00

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